

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

*M. Page.* Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

*Mist. Ford.* How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes

*Rob.* My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore

(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.

*M. Page.* You little lack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

*Rob.* I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerslasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

*Mist. Pag.* Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

*M. Ford.* Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mist. Page.* remember you your Qu.

*Mist. Pag.* I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

*Mist. Ford.* Go too then: we'll vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

*Fal.* Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

*Mist. Ford.* O sweet Sir John.

*Fal.* *Mist. Ford.* I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist. Ford.* now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

*Mist. Ford.* I your Lady Sir John? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

*Fal.* Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

*Mist. Ford.* A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

*Fal.* Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a femicircled Parthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*Mist. Ford.* Beleue me, there's no such thing in me.

*Fal.* What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. There's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like. Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

*M. Ford.* Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue *M. Page.*

*Fal.* Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

*Mist. Ford.* Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.

*Fal.* Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

*Mist. Ford.* Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

*Rob.* *Mist. Ford.* *Mist. Ford.* heere's *Mist. Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

*Fal.* She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras.

*M. Ford.* Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman, Whats the matter? How now?

*Mist. Page.* O *mist. Ford.* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

*M. Ford.* What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

*M. Page.* O weladay, *mist. Ford.* hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspicion.

*M. Ford.* What cause of suspicion?

*M. Page.* What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

*M. Ford.* Why (alas) what's the matter?

*M. Page.* Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.

*M. Ford.* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*M. Page.* Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

*M. Ford.* What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*M. Page.* For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conuoyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Look, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

*M. Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

*Fal.* Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't: Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

*M. Page.* What Sir John *Falsaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

*Fal.* I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: Ile neuer—

*M. Page.* Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call your men (*Mist. Ford.*) You dissembling Knight.

*M. Ford.* What *John Robert John*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Datchet mead*: quickly, come.

*Ford.* Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

*Ser.* To the Landresse forsooth?

*M. Ford.* Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford.* Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of *5* Bucke, Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant we'll vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vacape.

*Page.* Good master *Ford*, be contented: *John* You wrong your selfe too much.

*Ford.* True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen, *John* You shall see sport anon:

Follow

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, *Mist. Page*.

*Fen.* I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue, Therefore no more turne me to him (Sweet Nan.)

*Anne.* Alas, how then?

*Fen.* Why thou must be thy selfe. He doth obiekt, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expence, I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth. Besides these, other barres he layes before me, My Riots past, my wilde Societies, And tels me 'tis a thing impossible I should loue thee, but as a property.

*An.* May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come, Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*): Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew. Then stampes in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges: And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe, That now I ayme at.

*An.* Gentle M. Fenton, Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir, If opportunity and humblest suite Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

*Shal.* Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

*Slender.* He make a shaft or a bolt on't, tis but ventu- (ring.)

*Shal.* Be not dismaid.

*Slender.* No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

*Quickly.* Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

*An.* I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of wilde ill-fanour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

*Quickly.* And how do's good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you.

*Shal.* Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

*Slender.* I had a father (*M. An*) my vnckle can tel you good iests of him: pray you Vnckle tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

*Shal.* *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

*Slender.* I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloucestershire.

*Shal.* He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

*Slender.* I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

*Anne.* Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.

*Shal.* Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she calls you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

*Anne.* Now Master *Slender*.

*Slender.* Now good *Mist. Anne*.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slender.* My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea- ven): I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen

praise.

E 2

An.